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Bard

= = = = =

Out in the woods behind my house
is an animal who has no house
and to that animal I have come

to the condition where there are only vowels
a language that is just breath after breath.

19 January 2008

= = = = =

Calypso quick gather
strum a word to clear
the history of a place
into bleak gamble
a family to suck in.
It is it is a vampire
capital feeds on us all
the window wide the wind
fucking up the curtains
the bloodbeaked bird
comes waddling in
to bite and proselytize
till we are money too
and lose ourselves in it
the way it works the
way it goes we are
the food we sometimes eat.

19/20 January 2008
(thinking of Sir Lancelot)

= = = = =

Where the sparrow
hid his seed
and the bluebirds, whole
flock of them, came
to inquire of the hollow
in the tree by the garage
and books came in the mail
and a top was spinning
on the dining room table later.
Who can know more than his father?
We tear down what the old man knew.
And so we go on into the deep time
with no knowing, no growing,
everybody starts at zero.
We are born with scorn.

19 January 2008

LEWER

Let me close and lewer
new word, lean
close to your left ear and whisper
smutty things, innocent
as foxes in the woods, every
thing is play and kill,
every body's there for you to eat,

lewer, my pagan lips
do this at you –
the word arose in my right ear,
the good one, darling, in time
with my hand hoisting the heavy pen,
morning is so feeble, the sweet
sunlight on the nasty squirrels,
all that peace. And a word

flustered to be said,
almost speaking German now,
innocent as Trakl in a book
and yet the stream is moving
full but sluggish with the cold
like the insides of my morning head,
a hope a word
a hope a word will come
that says it all
that everybody hears and
that can eat everybody pleasantly up.

20 January 2008

= = = = =

Is it rapture yet,
Goodman Smith,
is it Portugal again
my little jet?

Are we ever anywhere
but where we've been
and this place is no place
no place yet?

To be one's own GPS
and listen to the voice
inside you hear so
clear halfway between

an Englishwoman and a crow
that tells you where to go
in that most dangerous
vehicle called Sitting Still.

20 January 2008

= = = = =

Is everything that exists just a sketch
of something else, better, to come?
Or is just a memory of a better
thing that long ago had been?
Or is it nothing but itself and there is no self?

20 January 2008

= = = = =

Have you some to say
or sequence?
In Brooklyn, on a wide boulevard
a woman is
remembering me right now.

It is almost intolerable
to belong to someone so far
and her hands are all over my dream.

The sample rate of everyday life
needs to change. The lost
decibels of difference uncompress!
Let it all be dangerous, distorted, hence true.

20 January 2008

= = = = =

Ask someone else
my pockets have holes in them
rats came and bit through
to swallow everything
I thought to carry
with me in this bad world
we make so good.

My magnet fell through
and is gone, still somehow
I must bring you to me,

ask someone else,
my business is with empty hands,
a few stones,
a broken table.
And sunshine is my only knife.

20 January 2008

= = = = =

This makes me *Magus*:
empty-headed everywhere the wind.

20.1.08

DARKNESS

1.

It's when the colors walk away we know
the other thing has come. They tell us
it's just the absence of light but we know better.
The dark is an animal all its own—
you can see it rub its flanks against the sky,
open its quiet mouth and things are gone.

2.

It stands between me and the sun
as if it meant me to pray to it
and I do, I will pray to any beast
or god or passenger idea fleeting
through my thought, they all are godlike—
everything that comes to mind
is mind and I bow down.

20 January 2008

= = = = =

Wouldn't it be wonderful
if we could read the day
direct without writing it first,

all there when we spring the door
and breathe the bright information in,

eyebreath, miraculous meanings
brought by common carrier, the air,

for wisdom is the milk of air
we drink with special skin.

21 January 2008

= = = = =

Girls named Laura are afraid of me—
respect, suspicion, aversion, fear: these
four are the qualities
of any given Laura to any given me.

21 January 2008

= = = = =

Or were they ever waiting
was everything ever the same,
was the sun the same as the sea
because it occupied the same
attention span, *a child's mind*
vacant, regardant

as we'd say in one more lost language
when men wore signs upon their arms
to say who they thought they were
as we tattoos on our meek skin.

At last the wind comes down
the stairs the ship comes in
the landlord serves us sky for breakfast
with a little bit of tree thrown in—

mirror phase, the cat forgets
to chase its tail. Maturity
like a bowl of oatmeal
cooling rapidly despite sunshine—
even he can't turn the sun off
or charge us for it though he'd like to.

And we'd like to pay, we adore
transaction more than sex or food.
And that is what our Child can't get,
why one hand is so much better
than some other, why keep holding on,

why we write things down
on paper or our skin when
everything is written there already,
just leave him alone a minute
and he will read them in his own time.

22 January 2008

= = = = =

The slow accumulation of detail.
The mail?

Not come yet
a sparrow on the power line ok?

But there will be a time.

For what"

Not time in general, just a time,
specific, *kairos*, like Jesus.

Jive me not. No, serious. A little boy
lost along the beach at Rockaway
wandering in the shady caverns
under the boardwalk
in and out of the supporting pillars

Mark Lambert

lost and didn't know it,
lost and happy
to be where he was, is,
the exploration of never
one second at a time.

Here I am
the sand said, and here I am,
the surf, I'm listening.

23 January 2008

= = = = =

There are such things as eggs
aviators, eagles even
floating over the Hudson as I speak.

Big river. Belongs to me
but you can ride it,
sometimes,
while my mother tongue is other wise engaged.

23 January 2008

= = = = =

I cannot die
I have not read
the last inscription
of the trees

the words they spell
January against
the pale sky
and they *move*

they shiver
in the wind
to call the eye
to understand

this is the word
I am meant
to transcribe.
Begin, or die.

23 January 2008

= = = = =

But there was something there
some dust the nose knew
and sneezed it out but some essence
in it stayed behind and lasted

like a kind of thinking the head
had never known before
a subtle difference a maybe
where there had been yes

and here he was still breathing
but the woods were still there
and the sky had not gone down
even though the house was

what was the house now that
was so different from what he once
knew around him as cloth as wood
as space and its absence

when the foot stubbed the wall
and the hand stopped midway
in a last despairing gesture
because a door was shut

and now somehow otherwise
without being open without
anyone having come and no one gone
he stood there in the wrong bones.

23 January 2008

Variations on Robin's "Ethan and the Fawn"

Hoof stamp in snow
crunch: a snort
of breathy sound—
a doe kept the dog

at bay – my dog
and the deer sees me
coming down the steps
to it and takes off

the way they do
suddenly gone the way
the weather changes
and there it was

I thought a rabbit
toddled from the pines
fur so fresh it stood.
The dog kept still

despite his breed,
let the new thing
hobble towards him:
a newborn fawn

nose mushed in,
eyes unfocused
nuzzles the dog's warm
side. Who sat

paternal, taking care,
ignoring my call,
obedient to an older
calling, the care

of new life. The doe
was waiting, I dragged
the dog inside
so that nature

could be natural again,

two silhouettes
larger, smaller,
the shapes the same

vanish in twilight.

23 January 2008

= = = = =

As much as offered by the first face
I wanton rushed to snow. Here
ambered with daylight even a plain hill.
Own this and prosper speak the dead leaves.

24 January 2008

= = = = =

Oak leaves yesterday
ice under deep leaf
fall crunched
briefly off trail

to go, Before the bare
gave out and snow.
Dynamics of sunshine
and run-off, *drainage*

the essence of cure
Teste thought not
just suspend the operant
pathogen but coax

its exit from the system.
There is a name
for this in politics and love.
Who's that at the door?

24 January 2008